

The Woman's Column.

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The Woman's Column
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WOMAN.

BY THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.

She said: "What is there that I would not be
For your dear sake? What change of mind
or heart

Would I not make in any, every part,
If love but say, 'This he desires of thee?'
E'en as the white moon rules the restless sea
And draws its tides to answer her sweet
will,
So does your slightest wish arouse and
thrill
And make obedience an ecstasy."

Oh, foolish heart of woman! Even so
They make of man a master, not a mate,
And lessen love by loving; soon or late
A monarch wearies of his worship. Lo,
This only is great love when two can be
Both proud and humble in equality.

—New Lippincott.

THEY WILL RISE TO RESPONSIBILITY.

When women come to be fully alive to the fact that on them, as well as on the men, rests the responsibility for the affairs of the Commonwealth, they will begin to take an interest in them which they have not previously done. They will begin to take broader views, to advocate wiser methods of action, and to formulate a higher patriotism. The possession of the franchise by women should tend to secure clean and honest government, local as well as national, but, in order that it may do so, it will be for the women to make themselves fully acquainted with the principles of right government.—*Australian Woman's Sphere*.

WOMEN NEEDED IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

Women are needed in our national politics as never before, in view of our lavish and profligate expenditure, amounting this year to eight hundred million dollars, all of it levied on what we eat, drink and wear. Meanwhile the public interest is wholly disregarded. Sugar, tea, coal, iron, meat, clothing and building materials are almost doubled in price by tariff taxation and protected monopolies.

Last week, an excellent tenant, who is paying me an inadequate rent, notified me that he will have to give up his house because the increased price of coal will make it impossible for him to warm it during the coming winter. He will have to move into apartments at great inconvenience. Every family will have to pay tribute to the senseless and needless quar-

rel between the coal barons of Pennsylvania and their employees—a quarrel which should have been promptly adjusted by a national court of arbitration.

When Congress is elected by a constituency composed equally of women and men, the interests of consumers will no longer be held secondary. Women are keenly sensitive to the advance of prices. They are the economists of the world. They have to expend the family income in the purchase of household supplies. Then trusts will be controlled by foreign competition, the necessities of life will be relieved of tariff taxation, labor will be better paid, industrial controversies will be settled, peace will be maintained at home and abroad; as a result, the home will be better protected.

Surely women ought to make themselves felt as an influential factor in national politics!

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

CIVIC PATRIOTISM.

A very pretty illustration of civic patriotism appears in the offer of the two sisters, Miss Olivia E. Phelps Stokes and Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, to give to this city \$100,000 off of a fairly appraised valuation of a magnificent property owned by them on Madison Square, if the city will use the location for a needed public building. They want to see their old home and that of their father preserved for public uses, and will give so much for the purpose. And yet these public-spirited property owners and taxpayers cannot vote.—*N. Y. Independent*.

A JAPANESE WOMAN DOCTOR.

Dr. Una Yanagisawa, a young Japanese woman in San Francisco, Cal., has thoroughly prepared herself for her profession. Eighteen years ago her family came from Tokio to San Francisco. After a short period the mother died, a son soon followed, leaving the father and little Una alone. The father had come to America for the express purpose of educating his children, and he determined to give his daughter the best possible opportunities. He hoped to make a physician of her and placed her in school. She was then nine years old. At twenty she began her studies as a student at the State University, taking a course in social science. No other Japanese woman had ever attended the University, but the little oriental girl held her own very well. Three years later she was graduated from Berkeley, receiving the degree of bachelor of letters. Then she entered the medical department of the affiliated colleges. She continued to live at home, often assisting her father with the clerical part of his restaurant business. She was an indefatigable worker, and in three years (university graduates being credited with one

year at the affiliated colleges) the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred upon her. It is now a year since she became a physician. She has not done much practice, as there is little demand for a Japanese woman doctor in San Francisco. So, to make herself useful to her father, she has become cashier in his restaurant, awaiting the time when the business may be sold, and both may return to their native land. Dr. Yanagisawa's aim is to practice among the women and children of Tokio. She will be the first Japanese woman to enter the profession, and the field for her work is broad and promising. She is reading and studying along medical lines, and has planned for a course in the polyclinic before she embarks for Japan.

MRS. LOUISE B. BETHUNE, of Buffalo, N. Y., was one of the first women in the country to adopt the profession of architecture. She has been practicing since 1881, and is said to be the only woman yet admitted to membership in the American Institute of Architects.

MRS. LUCY DALE, "late scholar of Somerville College, Oxford, Eng.," has written a book on "The Principles of English Constitutional History" which is commended as "an achievement and a promise," and a valuable work both for students and the general reader.

MISS MARY WILLARD, of Berlin, Germany, daughter of Miss Willard's brother Oliver, and his wife Mary Bannister Willard, a former editor of the *Union Signal*, is in this country for the summer months. Miss Willard is vice-principal in the home school for girls which her mother established and is carrying on in Berlin.

MISS MIRA LLOYD DOCK, of Harrisburg, Pa., the only woman on the formal programme of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association in session in Boston this week, gave a breezy, enthusiastic and learned talk upon "State Forest Reservations." Some years ago Miss Dock prepared to become a teacher of botany. She took a year's work in the biological laboratory of the University of Michigan, devoting herself chiefly to plant physiology. Her botanical work opened up the subject of forestry and village improvement, and, with the encouragement and approval of the late Mr. Stiles, then editor of *Garden and Forest*, to which magazine Miss Dock had long been a contributor, she began to give private lectures on outdoor art. Governor Stone appointed her in 1901, to fill a vacancy in the Pennsylvania forestry reservation commission, a position of great honor and greater responsibility. She is a sister of Miss Lavinia Dock, well known in the world of trained nurses as the author-compiler of "Materia Medica for Nurses," a text-book in training schools. She is also a sister of Dr. George Dock, of the faculty of the University of Michigan.

CO-EDUCATION AS SEEN IN A SUFFRAGE STATE.

From Wyoming, where for over thirty years women have voted on equal terms with men, there comes the most unique contribution to the current discussion on coeducation, and one of the most convincing. It appears in the Boston *Congregationalist* of Aug. 2, under the title, "The Reaction Against Coeducation." The article is written by Prof. E. E. Slosson, of the University of Wyoming, a State institution that has been coeducational from its beginning. Professor Slosson has had ample opportunity to study the results of the equality of men and women in education, opportunity, and citizenship, and his conclusions ought to carry weight. The following is his article in part:

It is a curious thing that in almost all social changes the difficulties anticipated are not found, while the real disadvantages are rarely foreseen. The objections raised in the early days against coeducation have been proved by ample experience to be almost entirely illusory. It was expected that the women would fail in health under the strain of competition, that they would become disinclined to matrimony, that they would lower the standard of scholarship. But in so far as reliable data from coeducational colleges are available, they prove that women have as good health as their uneducated sisters; their matrimonial tendencies have rather to be checked than encouraged; and so far from lowering the standard of scholarship, they are altogether too successful in getting high grades, honors, and competitive scholarships. It was feared that women could not compete with men in the field of higher education. It now appears that the men cannot compete with the women, and are demanding protection against the weaker sex. It is humiliating for a man to be beaten at anything by a woman, and some young men are taking refuge in institutions where they are protected by the arbitrary exclusion of women. Their position is the same as that of amateur athletes. To say that a man has broken the amateur record for running does not mean that he is the fastest runner in the world, but merely that he is the fastest barring professionals. So the fact that a man is senior wrangler at Cambridge does not mean that he is the best mathematician of the year, but merely that he is the best of his sex, women being barred. This restriction of the field must always be allowed for when we consider honors awarded in a college which excludes either sex, and should be stated in the diploma.

If a college could devise any form of examination, any test of mental, moral, or physical strength and capability which would exclude women, it would have a perfect right to do so; but that is impossible, so women are excluded for the simple reason that they are not men.

We are told that there is danger of a college becoming "feminized" by too great an influx of women. Now I do not know exactly what that word means, but I have no doubt that it would be a very dangerous thing for a college to become "feminized"—quite as bad as for a college to become "masculinized." It must cer-

tainly be an injury to any institution to have a large majority of either sex. Either sex isolated degenerates. But it does not seem to be always realized that the remedy for this is more coeducation, not less. A wise Providence, foreseeing this very danger that the men might be crowded out of coeducational colleges and outvoted in equal suffrage States, has mercifully provided that there shall never be upon the earth any considerable majority of the female sex. So long as we do not interfere with the workings of natural law all goes well, but when some institutions exclude women it destroys the balance, and others have to take measures in self-defence.

The charge that in coeducational colleges the students spend too much time in social intercourse is not without foundation. Students never do give that undivided attention to their studies which their teachers think they should, and in coeducational colleges there is undoubtedly a great deal of time wasted in the frivolities of society. Whether this is greater than the time wasted by the students in men's colleges in other and often more questionable amusements, I have never been able to find out. It is an evil anyway, and has to be kept within bounds by restrictions on amusements, or by increasing the severity of the requirements. To attempt, as some institutions have, to cure it by restricting the number of girls is useless. It is a poor girl who cannot keep the minds of four or five boys off their lessons if she wants to. The danger from women, as we all know, does not increase with the number of them.

However, there is another side to it than that which appeals so strongly to us pedagogues. The future of civilization depends more on the proper mating of the rising generation than on any discoveries they may make in the arts and sciences, and if our young people sometimes devote more time and attention to the study of each other than to the study of their textbooks, let us recognize the fact that they are nearer right in their judgment of what is important than some prominent educators of the past and present. It is of more importance to a person to be able to solve the problem of the selection of a future husband or wife than to solve any problem in mathematics we put before them, and there is no better training for this yet devised than the informal mingling in the schoolroom. To get to know each other thoroughly, to prevent false hopes and illusions, it is necessary for them to meet when the mask of society is thrown off. If a young man has sat beside a young woman for a term, he knows at least whether she cheats or loses her temper, and that is more than he would find out from meeting her at a hundred balls, receptions, and teas.

The theory that women require in part a different sort of education from men is a good one, but it is in coeducational colleges, not in colleges for women alone, that the most progress has been made in putting this into practice, and specific courses in great variety are provided in those occupations which are at present regarded as woman's work. The importance of this and the methods for attaining it are, however, yet largely unrealized,

and the future must see a great advance in this field everywhere. We must, nevertheless, avoid even in this the common error of dealing with people by classes, and we must adapt our instruction to individuals, not to sexes.

If a boy shows a talent for culinary art or for dressmaking he must not be debarred from training in these arts, for he may get a larger salary and possibly even contribute more to human happiness as an Oscar or a Worth than as an engineer or a lawyer. If a girl shows a taste for mechanics, let her have the necessary opportunity to develop her genius. The world needs great inventors so much that we must not miss any chance, however slight, of getting one. In a coeducational college where freedom of election is allowed, the two sexes largely segregate into different lines of work according to their tastes and capacities, but to force them into some particular form of education because of sex is dangerous.

LUCRETIA MOTT'S CHAIRS.

One of the charming recollections of the famous Quaker preacher, Lucretia Mott, was of the wide and beautiful hospitality of the home of her childhood in Nantucket.

Little Lucretia, as was the custom at that day, was not allowed at the table when guests were present; nevertheless she had her part in the gracious welcoming, her duty being to watch the great wood fire while the others were at supper, and to set the chairs in a circle about it, ready for the long, social evening afterward. To the child's mind, the open fire and the friendly circle of chairs became symbolic. When, later, her own home became the center of a hospitality far wider than her childhood could have imagined, she never forgot the friendly circle.

For years "Three-thirty-eight Arch"—her Philadelphia home—welcomed an endless procession of friends, strangers and the needy. When, finally, the burden of so many callers proved too much for her delicate health, a country home was decided upon, and the family all gathered for one last "good time" together. The situation was amusingly set forth in some lines written for the occasion:

Who constantly will ring the bell
And ask if they will please to tell
Where Mrs. Mott has gone to dwell?
The beggars.

Who never, never, nevermore
Will see the "lions" at the door
That they've so often seen before?
The neighbors.

And who will miss, for months at least,
The place of rest for man and beast
From north and south and west and east?
Everybody.

The new home, a few miles from Philadelphia, was never quite the same as the old one; but there, too, to the end of Lucretia Mott's long life, a welcome awaited every one who cared to come. When she was very old, and too weak to sit through tea-time with her guests, she still would slip away to the parlor before lying down to rest, and arrange the chairs in a circle around the fire, ready for the evening's conversation, as the little girl in Nantucket had been taught to do so many, many years ago.—*Youth's Companion*.

AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING.

Rebecca Harding Davis, in the *New York Independent*, urges women not to leave their homes in country towns and villages to seek fortune and fame in a city. She says:

"People who live outside of the Atlantic seaboard cities can have little idea of the number of women, poor and unprotected, who rush into them yearly from the West and South with the hope of making their fortune, or at least a living. Nobody can blame them for coming. On most Western ranches the woman is overworked, and the loneliness of her life is intolerable; while in the smaller Southern towns the monotony, the pettiness of events in the slow-going hours and days and years stifle and kill an active brain, just as the creeping gray moss smothers a living plant.

"These women break away and fly to 'God's country,' as they call it, to find companionship and work. At first their ideas are large. They clamor for the best and biggest kinds of work, and for high pay—above everything for high pay."

This advice she enforces by the following sorrowful story:

"About ten years ago I first saw Mary Carr. She was a woman of forty, healthy, resolute, keen of eye and sharp of tongue; with a firm belief in herself and very little belief in any other person or thing. She always had lived in a wide awake village in Iowa, and now had come to 'the East' to make her fortune. She proposed to make it by authorship or journalism, but I soon found that she knew no more of either kind of work than she did of ship-building.

"Mary Carr stopped in Philadelphia (they all stop in Philadelphia), and, finding it dull and cold (they all find it dull and cold), she hurried on to New York.

"In every decade some woman of unusual power has come up from the South or West and has conquered a foremost place in New York. Invariably she has been followed by a troop of incompetents, who have ended in wretched failure. There were Maggie Mitchell and Mary Anderson. What a horde of would-be Fanchons and Juliets crowded up after them into the cheap theatres, and how soon their little penny lights flickered and went out in darkness!

"The success of 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' set countless Southern women to writing short dialect stories, which never found their way into print; just as the enormous sales of 'To Have and to Hold' have brought from Maine to Texas, upon the wretched editors of magazines, avalanches of historical novels.

"Mary Carr had read in her youth Mrs. Evans Wilson's 'Beulah.' Now that she needed money, why, she reasoned, should not she write a popular religious novel? There was no word of wisdom or wit in her that cried for utterance. She wanted work and pay for it. That was her only qualification for authorship.

"She went to New York with two hundred dollars in her pocket, which she regarded as a large provision for the time of waiting until the great triumph should come. 'My means,' she often would say

with complacency, 'are ample—ample.'

"She brought with her manuscript poems and a novel, and she ground out an essay almost every day. She haunted publishers and editors. In the offices of Scribner's, Harpers' and the Appletons her face was known to every proofreader and errand boy. But at the end of three months not a line had been accepted.

"Then she tried the newspapers. She wrote short stories, verses and jokes. None were published. The money was fast melting away. She tried reporting, and sometimes her 'stuff,' as she learned to call it, would go in, after much blue-penciling. Then, how proud and triumphant she was! Not because she had spoken well a word worth hearing, but because there were two stickfuls of her 'stuff' in and she would be paid so much a stick. But at last even these poor little successes ceased. She sank lower and lower; grew limp and bloodless; began to take a little whisky at night instead of dinner—

"It was like some live creature lost on a bog, slowly sucked down, inch by inch, to the black death below.

"One day she was gone. Nobody saw her at the last, nor knew how or when the end came."

In striking contrast with this sad tale Rebecca Harding Davis cites the example of Jane Sevier:

"Jane lived in Iturbide, one of the deadest of the dead villages on the Mexican Gulf. There once had been some good orange groves in Iturbide. But the great frost had put a sudden end to that industry, and nobody as yet had found the energy to plant another tree. The pigs rooted unchecked through the hummocks, and their owners sat all day long on the porch of the post-office smoking and playing dominoes. As long as there was fish in the Gulf and game in the woods nobody was afraid of starvation. Iturbide was content.

"Jane Sevier was not content. She was the daughter of the postmaster, a lean, clean-skinned, fair-haired woman of thirty. She made her first protest against the lazy, grimy life around her by a personal cleanliness so marked as to be offensive to her neighbors. She always wore a close-fitting gown of dark blue cotton stuff with white collar and cuffs, a perpetual reproach to the other women lounging all day in greasy Mother Hubbards of violent hues.

"'Jane,' her neighbors said, 'had been to Orleans too often, and got high notions there. It spoiled a woman for everyday use to travel.'

"'I'm tired of the dirt and drink and dead laziness at home,' she told a friend who came once to the town.

"'Do you mean to leave Iturbide?' he said. 'You can easily find work in New Orleans or Mobile.'

"'No, I can be clean and useful and earn my living at home. I'll stay right here and pull Iturbide up with me.'

"She kept her word. She began with the help of a couple of negroes by re-grafting the orange trees of her father's grove. She went to Biloxi and learned how figs there were preserved and shrimps

cooked before they were canned for the New Orleans market. Then she came home and canned figs and shrimps in her own kitchen. She had a keen intelligence and nimble fingers, but her chief strength lay in her ability to make others work. In a year she had the most trusty, handy negroes in the village busy in her grove and canning factory. As her trade increased she opened a shop and added to her canned goods home-made jellies and pickles, and sent her advertisements throughout the Gulf States, bringing in a large and steady trade. Iturbide slowly, very slowly, awoke, rose to the situation, and proceeded to learn to clean and bestir itself to greet the strangers who now came to it. The pigs were fenced in, the old orange groves replanted, a brisk trade in fish and game started up, and there has been lately a good deal of talk about a new hotel. Jane does not interfere in this and other vague projects, but when she thinks that the new hotel is needed, the talk will stop and it will be built.

"Jane Sevier has not made a great fortune, but she has conquered a stable, sound prosperity. She has work enough and pleasure enough to keep her healthy and contented. Her neighbors respect her, and her friends, who look behind the canning and trading abilities of the woman, love her."

The causes of success and failure are clearly stated:

"Now, why did one woman succeed and the other make such a shipwreck of body and soul?

"Simply because one ventured out into unknown seas with neither knowledge, skill nor chart, and the other took up work which was familiar to her, among people whom she knew and could influence.

"I wish that I could reach every discontented, needy woman outside of the great cities of the United States, that I might urge them to stay outside of them, as they value their souls' health and their bodies' health. They have no money, perhaps; but in the place where they are known they have capital which they cannot take with them, in the influence of family and friends, and in the respect and confidence of the community. Or, if they have not, if they never have been able to conquer influence and respect and love at home in all the years that are gone, how will they get them in the seething life of a strange town?

"The chance of success is in staying at home. In almost every country town there is one clever woman, who, like Jane Sevier, has pushed her way up to comfort and influence. She is a florist or a milliner, a librarian or the editor of a paper; she makes jam, or she has nature classes in summer for city children. She does not go into the city to live, but she brings some fad or taste or demand of the city to her country home and earns her living by gratifying it."

The Yellow Ribbon Speaker

Equal Rights Readings and Recitations, in Prose and Verse, compiled by REV. ANNA H. SHAW, ALICE STONE BLACKWELL, and LUCY E. ANTHONY. For sale at WOMAN'S JOURNAL Office, 3 Park St., Boston, Mass. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

Mme. Tsilka, Miss Stone's companion in Macedonia, has written her own independent account of their experiences with the brigands. Her story will run as a serial in one of the English magazines and will appear in book form in the autumn.

The Century Club of Maplewood, Mass., has a committee on legislative affairs whose duty it is to watch legislation during the session, and report to the club, giving particular attention to those matters in which all educated and intelligent women should be posted, and this work the State Federation committee recommends to all of the clubs.

Miss Fanny Y. Cory, whose amusing drawings of "The Tragedies of Childhood" appear in *Harper's Bazar*, is one whose success has been the result of persevering study and determination. Miss Cory studied abroad for a time and is now in Montana, riding bronchos and living in a studio on the plains. She is a sister of the well-known cartoonist, C. C. Cory.

Some months ago, Miss Julia Baden, a seventeen-year-old girl in Montana discovered that a railroad bridge near her father's ranch had become undermined by the high water. She mounted her fleet pony and rode to Miles City, and notified the Northern Pacific agent, who stopped the North Coast limited, averting a disastrous wreck. The railroad company offered Miss Baden as a reward either \$100 in gold or an annual pass. She chose the money.

In Detroit, Mich., the Federation of Clubs during the past year, has continued its legislative work regarding the raising of the age of applicants to the State School for non-criminal children, at Coldwater, from twelve to fourteen years; and through the work of its industrial committee a woman State factory inspector was appointed. A committee was appointed to aid in establishing free baths in Detroit, and a local branch of the Consumers' League was organized.

The formation of a club devoted to the use of women writers of Victoria has long been the dream of two or three of the senior women journalists of Melbourne, says the *Australian Woman's Sphere*. That dream has now been realized; the Writers' Club, a workable and convenient little institution, has housed itself in a spare room at the Pioneer Club, Melbourne. By means of this club, women writers coming from other parts may put themselves in touch with sister penwomen in a manner hitherto denied.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who was recently elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, is of American birth, but she has lived for many years in England. She is practically a self-taught artist. Twelve years ago her "Love Locked Out" was bought for the Chantrey collection, which until then had contained no work by a woman. Mrs. Lea Merritt shared with Mrs. A. L. Swynerton the task of decorating the vestibule of the Woman's Building at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. The frescoes in St. Martin's Church, Chilworth, are from Mrs. Lea Merritt's brush. She is the author of many excellent portraits, among others those of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell.

A YOUNG CANDY MERCHANT.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Evans, of Syracuse, N. Y., whose unique business methods have been so successful at her stand in one of the commercial blocks of that city, is extending her trade. She has a branch of her business flourishing in Buffalo, and has been introducing her sweet wares at the Thousand Islands and other summer resorts. Miss Evans started in business by renting space in the lobby of the University Building, Syracuse, for the accommodation of a case of her own candies. She filled the case every morning with neat boxes of delicious bonbons, and then went off to make more, leaving her stock to be bought by customers, who would wait on themselves, putting the money in the cash drawer, and making change themselves, if necessary. Her queer plan of doing business has worked well, and this young candy maker is deriving a good income from her candy stands.

THE POLITICAL POOL OF SILOAM.

Once every four years the angel of democracy descends and stirs the pool of American politics into unwonted activity. It behooves the women who seek to be relieved of their political impotence to enter in and be cured. This periodical visitation is the Presidential election. It will occur in 1904. But, in order to do so, preliminary action must be taken in the winter of 1903. If, in any State where a legislature convenes next January, women can secure permission from that legislature to enter the pool, their full enfranchisement will thereby be assured. That permission may be secured next January in any one of thirty States by a majority vote of its senators and representatives. In each State, when its legislature convenes, less than one hundred and fifty, in some States half that number, of resolute friends of impartial suffrage will hold the key and can open the door. Let suffragists in every State bestir themselves at once to secure the needed one hundred and fifty legislators!

In this effort women ought to have the cooperation of the leaders of both political parties. Only *vis inertiae* and the stupidity of inherited prejudice blind their eyes to their great opportunity. One-half of all American citizens "of mature age and sound mind, not convicted of crime," are defrauded of their suffrage birthright. Two great parties are struggling for supremacy. That supremacy depends upon votes. The dominant party in any State which has the foresight to carry through the simple change of election law which is needed, will win the gratitude and earn the support of a great constituency. See how the tariff has solidified the masses in the manufacturing States of Pennsylvania and New England for the Republicans! See how "white supremacy" has made the Southern States a unit for the Democrats! How much more potent will be an appeal to the reason and sympathy of millions of intelligent, liberty-loving, public-spirited American women.

"Each State shall appoint in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole

number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress." This is Article 2, Section 1, Paragraph 2 of the United States Constitution, the supreme law.

It is only a question of time. Whenever, in any closely contested election, in any State, or representative or senatorial district, there is reason to believe that candidates can secure their election by breaking the shackles that now prevent one-half of their constituents from exercising the God-given right of self-government, there will be no lack of supporters. Nor should these supporters be limited to either party. Honest and enlightened men of all parties should vote to enable the women citizens of their State to help appoint the presidential electors in the campaign of 1904.

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

HONOR TO MRS. LIVERMORE.

Last week was "Old Home Week" in Massachusetts, and celebrations and reunions were held in numerous towns and cities. In Melrose the celebration closed with the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Wyoming Cemetery. The many friends of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will rejoice that she was able to be present on this occasion, and to make an address, in which she paid an eloquent tribute to the soldiers who died to uphold the honor of our republic. The orator of the day, Col. John B. Billings, remembered that there were heroines as well as heroes in the Civil War. He said:

I would have this memorial stand not only as a testimonial to the soldiers and sailors of Melrose who lie buried here, but to the noble women of the war period as well, who, with exhibition of fortitude not unlike that of the mother of the Maccabees, did and suffered so much during those protracted, nerve-exhausting years. Who could measure their sacrifice? What could they do but watch, pray, and wait? And then the splendid service of those who could leave home and, as ministering angels, nurse the sick, bind up the wounds and soothe the last moments of the dying. No veteran can forget them on this occasion. Renewed blessings to your distinguished townswoman, who is yet spared as a representative of this class. A benediction goes up from the heart of every true soldier for the sturdy support and loving appreciation always shown the veterans by Mrs. Mary Ashton Livermore. May health and happiness unmeasured be hers in her declining years!

THE ALEXANDER PRIZES.

The Alexander prizes, offered by Mrs. C. B. Alexander of Castle Point, Jersey City, to students of New Jersey, for the three best essays on the probation, have been awarded to three girls—Miss Lulu H. Fuller of Plainfield, first prize, \$35; Miss Ethel Feitz of Trenton, second prize, \$15; and Miss Mabel Jenkins of Plainfield, honorable mention. The object of the competition was to interest high-school graduates in the problem of preventing and curing of crime through probation rather than the county jail. The judges were Justice Joline of Camden County, Prosecutor Voorhees of Middlesex, Charlton T. Lewis of Morriston, and Associate Justice Fort of Newark. The essays will be printed in the *Review of Charities and Correction*.